THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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ALPHONSINE D'ARGENNES;

OR,

THE VICTIM OF AMBITION.

In Continuation.

"IT seems, that the ambition of your parents, their reprehensible pride, have been the cause of their keeping you from them. You are probably ignorant that you have a brother, and that it is for him you are sacrificed; to add to the splendour of the rank he is to hold in the world, it was necessary to deprive you of that which you were entitled."—"I understand you perfectly, madam," said Alphonsine, "I have long suspected their intentions: perhaps you may have perceived that I was resigned to my fate. But wherefore, then, my dear madam, was I allowed ever to mix in society, since I am condemned to lead a secluded life? Why does my kind benefactress wish me once more to leave this retreat, where I am destined to end my days? Will it not aggravate my woes, rather than essen them? Rather let me remain and obey my parents, whatever may be the severity of their commands, let me instantly yield myself up to my fate"—"Those tears which you now shed, my dear daughter," interrupted Madame de Royan, "I cannot blame; but let the expression of your grief end here: these very tears are powerful arguments to prevent me from allowing you to act with rashness. I will not be an abettor to the severity with which you are treated, and you must with patience wait, and do nothing with precipitancy, and who knows but they may relent and call you to their arms. Whatever may be the conduct of our parents towards us, it must not weaken our respect for them; but yet their rights are confined within certain bounds. If they can deprive you of the fortune to which by birth you are entitled, they have no right imperiously to exact the sacrifice of your liberty; and if without their assistance, your friends, or some fortunate occurrence should call you to a happier fate, why should you not take advantage of it, if you obey them in every other article? Who can answer for the events of futurity? I then declare to you, my beloved young friend, that my experience, united with my attachment, imposes on me a

law, not to permit you to take the veil before you shall have attained the age when you may dispose of yourself; before you have well consulted your own inclinations; to know which, you must see a little more of that world which you are now so ready to renounce. Till this period arrives, yield yourself up entirely to the care of heaven, and allow yourself to be guided by your sincere friends. My sister bears towards you the affection of a mother; do you not feel her kindness?"—"I do indeed, most sensibly: my heart cannot be accused of ingratitude."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Madame St. Clare. On learning what had passed, she joined her sister in consoling her whom they both called their beloved child. They at length succeeded in drying her tears, and nothing now was thought of but the intended journey to Fargeville, where in a few days they safely arrived.

The first week was spent in receiving visits from the surrounding gentry, the hurry of which banished deep reflexion from the mind of our heroine; but her uneasiness soon returned, and gave her countenance a melancholy expression, which Madame St. Clare the sooner noticed, as she feared its cause might prove an obstacle to Alphonsine's union with Count de Puymarais. She had already informed him of their arrival at Fargeville, and doubted not but he would soon join them. The cloud of melancholy which shaded her young friend's brow, and which must, some how or other, be dispersed, this lady attributed to the sentiments she had entertained for the Chevalier de Fontange. To accomplish this, without mentioning the Count, or the affection he still entertained for her, Madame St. Clare one day told her, she was sorry to observe that her heart had not yet recovered the impression it had received from the Chevalier de Fontange. Alphonsine defended herself from the charge, by recalling to her remembrance what she had said respecting his marriage with Mademoiselle de Fienne; she added, that if it were true that she had ever granted her esteem to the Chevalier, his behaviour on that occasion must have completely changed her sentiments. "You would do more," replied she, "if you knew him better, and my friendship will not permit you to remain ignorant of the conduct of a man whose exterior has so much deceived you, but whose heart was never made to suit yours. In the first place," added she, smiling," "do not afflict yourself about his marriage with Mademoiselle de Fienne, for it has not taken place. Many reports have been circulated respecting its rupture, the diversity of which makes it difficult to ascertain the right one. It is, however, certain that the Chevalier, after having

appeared to love her sincerely, has forsaken her at the moment when every thing was settled for their union, and when it had been so universally spoken of, as not to admit a doubt of its taking place. She was much attached to him; she loves him still, is severely wounded by his conduct, and her grief, which she does seek to conceal, greatly interests every one in her cause. This transaction, which is universally condemned, has awakened others of an equally odious nature. He has lately fought a duel for a woman, with a man of the name of Figeac, who had saved his life at the siege of Amiens. He has however been punished, for he is dangerously wounded; and notwithstanding there are fears entertained for his life, his father, the Prince of Aumale, is so irritated at his conduct, that he will not see him. All this is quite the public theme of conversation, and has recalled his adventure with Mademoiselle de Luxembourg, who is now Duchess of Ventadour. When all was settled for their marriage, the day even fixed, and after having given his consent, he formally declared that he would not become her husband. Such facts as these must inevitably make him be detested by society, and shunned by every worthy heart. He appeared to love you; you would not perhaps have disliked him; but how much ought you to rejoice at the reflexion that you have not been one of his victims. I had been more discriminating than you, my fair friend, in giving the preference to the Count de Poymarais; and perhaps his affection deserved some gratitude from you, as it assisted in saving you from the perils to which you were exposed."

This conversation had the desired effect. The baseness of the Chevalier's proceedings, in which his conduct towards herself was not forgotten, awakened Alphonsine's indignation to such a pitch, that she felt ashamed that her heart should have given him the preference over his rival, or that she should ever have felt the smallest partiality for such a despicable man; and as Madame St. Clare was incessantly finding some opportunity of praising the Count, she began to think more favourably of him than she had hitherto done.

Things stood thus when he arrived at Fargeville. Madame St. Clare lost no time to inform him of what she had done to further his suit, and he was soon convinced of the truth of her assertion, by the less distent and even favourable reception he met from Mademoiselle D'Argennes. He now flattered himself that he had nothing to do but to accellerate the progress of her attachment; the passion which he had never ceased to feel, rendered more ardent by her presence, suggested every day some new means of endeavouring to gain her affections. What will not those who sincerely

love, invent to please the object of their adoration? and when a young woman is gifted with sensibility, it is not in nature that she should long withstand the pleasure of seeing herself beloved, and witnessing the flattering attentions paid to her charms, the continual efforts made to touch her heart, and lead her to share the sentiments which she has inspired.

Our heroine no longer treated the Count with her former coldness, although the sentiment she entertained for him could not yet be called love; it was a wish of thinking him amiable, a justice which she took pleasure in rendering him, and a desire of believing that the qualities of his heart were in unison with those which every one must have granted to his exterior.

Two months passed thus: the habit of seeing each other every day now became a necessity. Alphonsine never refused the society of the Count, and he never lost an opportunity of being in her company. He however was compelled to absent himself for a week, to visit a friend, who lived about ten leagues from Fargeville; during his absence, something seemed wanting to Alphonsine's happiness; he returned; she received him with pleasure, and wished for nothing more.

Madame St. Clare was a keen observer of all that passed: she silently applauded herself for the progress which Puymarais daily made in her young friend's heart; and witnessing the good humour with which she listened to him, she no longer entertained any doubt but that she should soon see all her wishes accomplished, and their union fixed.

There was one thing, however, which she would willingly have had cleared up. The Count, it was true, was the absolute master of his actions and fortune, but she was not ignorant that more than one family at court had sought his alliance; she had also heard that he Grand Constable of France was desirous of giving him the hand of his sister, and was fearful that on this side she might meet with some opposition to her plans. She resolved to take an opportunity of sounding the Count, and began by telling him frankly all that had been said respecting this affair. He did not conceal this truth, but agreed that if he might judge by the attentions the Constable had paid him on various occasions, he thought it possible that he might have conceived the project of uniting him with his sister; but that nothing had ever gone any farther, that he even believed he had some time since abandoned the idea, which had never amounted to more than a supposition, as he had never mentioned the subject to him. This frank declaration satisfied Madame St. Clare; she, however, determined to make some further enquiries before she

pressed Alphonsine to accept the Count's hand.

Soon after this, Madame St. Clare was seized with a sudden indisposition, on her return from a long walk she had been taking to visit a wood belonging to her estate, which was an object of discussion between herself and her late husband's relations. The latter wished it to be sold; she on the other hand was desirous that it should be kept, as belonging to the Fargeville estate, which she enjoyed, and which formed a part of her dowry. The affair had been debated before her on the spot, and with an asperity which had greatly displeased her, and had probably been the cause of the indisposition she experienced. But it was only thought to be a slight cold, which would be attended with no bad consequences, and her situation did not alarm her friends. She had however for several days remained nearly in the same state, when after a very agitated night, she was seized with so violent a fever, that fears were entertained for her life. This excellent woman was well aware of her own danger, and informed those who surrounded her of it, before they thought it so serious as it really proved to be. On the evening of the fourth day since her attack, the curate of the parish, by her desire, waited on Mademoiselle d'Argennes and the Count, to inform them of her situation, and to request their presence in her chamber. Overwhelmed with sorrow, Alphonsine flew to her apartment, accompanied by the Count and the curate.

As soon as Madame St. Clare beheld them approach her bed side, she took the hand of her weeping friend, and addressing Puymarais, said, "My death is about to deprive this dear girl of the assistance she had to expect from my friendship; but I shall bequeath to her in you more than she will be deprived of in losing me, if I have formed a right judgment of your heart. Heaven will not allow me to behold you indissolubly united, and this is my severest pang."

"No, my dear madam," exclaimed the Count, "we shall not lose you; our prayers, our tears, shall recall you to health, and Heaven will permit you to witness the accomplishment of the work you have so kindly undertaken."—"Oh! if I had been allowed to behold your happiness even for one instant, I should die content."—"And why, my dear madam," hastily rejoined he, "can you not enjoy it? is it not possible for me at this very moment to plight my faith to Mademoiselle d'Argennes? Why should our mutual happiness be deferred? Consent to this, my beloved Alphonsine," continued he, falling at our heroine's feet, "repay by a little confidence, the sincerest esteem and the most ardent affection that ever warmed

the breast of man. It is in the hands of her, whom you have often told me you regarded as a parent, that I shall deposit my vows. After all, what is it I require, or rather implore?—that you would not consider me as the worst of men: if reasons of policy, if affairs which I ought not to neglect, even on your account, oblige me to require that our marriage should be kept a secret for a few months. Believe me, I should have the greatest wish of proclaiming it to the whole world, as till I am enabled to do so my happiness will be incomplete.

[*To be continued.*]

REMARKABLE TRIAL.

The Gazette published at Bedford, Pennsylvania, states that "the following is an authentic account of a remarkable trial held in Queen Ann's County, state of Maryland—from attested notes taken in court at the time by one of the counsel."

QUEEN ANN'S COUNTY COURT.

State of Maryland, use of James, Fanny, Robert, and Thomas Harris, devisees of Thomas Harris.
VERSUS
Mary Harris, administratrix of James Harris.
} *Action of Debt on administration bond.*

The above suit was an action of debt brought on the administration bond of Mary Harris, as administratrix of James Harris.

The facts in the above cause were as follows:—

There were two brothers, Thomas and James Harris. Thomas, the elder, held a piece of land in fee as he supposed.—He had the four children abovenamed, and for whose use this action was bro't; those children were illegitimate. Thomas made his will, directed his land to be sold, but did not thereby appoint any person to make sale of it. He devised that the proceeds that should arise from the sale of his land, together with all his other estate, should be divided amongst his four abovenamed illegitimate children, and appointed his brother James Harris, executor of his will, who after the death of his brother Thomas, caused the said will to be proved, and took out letters testamentory thereon. James Harris, executor, returned an inventory of the personal estate of his brother, Thomas Harris, and made sale of the land abovementioned, believing that his said brother had been seized in fee, and that he was authorised under the said will, to make sale thereof. When the purchase money was paid to James Harris, and counsel was applied to draw the conveyances, it was then for the first time discovered to James Harris, that his elder brother, T. H. was not seized in fee, but in tail, of the land, and that of course he had no right to devise it, nor could it descend to his children, because of their illegitimacy, but

that he, James Harris, was the heir in tail, and entitled to the land in his own right, and without any title derived under his brother's will. He then conveyed his right to the purchaser, and claimed the purchase money to himself.

About two years after, James Harris died intestate; his widow, Mary Harris, the present defendant, administered on his estate: this suit was brought on the administration bond, to recover the estate of Thomas Harris for the use of his illegitimate children, to whom he had devised all his estate. The only point in dispute was, whether the proceeds of the sale of the land in question were to be considered as the estate of Thomas Harris. Before the trial of the cause, this case had made much noise, it having been said that the ghost of Thomas Harris had in the life time of his brother, James Harris, frequently appeared to a man by the name of Briggs, and the reason why the ghost of the elder brother had appeared, was to compel James Harris, his younger brother, to return the proceeds of the sale of the land to the orphan's court: to make himself responsible for it, as a part of the estate of Thomas Harris. The fact was, that such was the communication of Briggs to James Harris, relative to his brother's ghost having appeared to him, that he, James Harris, did go to the orphan's court, returned himself debtor to the estate of his brother, to the amount of the purchase money of the land. James was soon after taken sick, and died.

Before the jury was sworn in the case, it was agreed by the counsel on both sides, that nothing could be recovered in the action except the balance of the personal estate, because the land was entailed. Secondly—Because it had been a fee simple estate, no person was appointed by the will to make sale of the land. The testator had directed it to be sold, and no doubt believed that his executor would be authorised to make sale of it. This understanding of the counsel was known only to themselves: they were anxious, and the public were anxious to hear the extraordinary reports that were circulated out of doors, as to the appearance of the ghost of Thomas Harris to Briggs, related and sworn to in a court of justice. Briggs was known to be a man of character, of firm, undaunted spirit; had been a soldier in the revolutionary war, and perfectly disinterested between, and unconnected with the parties. The cause was tried in 1798, or 1799.

After the nature of the action, the ground of controversy had been stated with great solemnity by the counsel on both sides, and the very extraordinary reports that had been in circulation, relative to the appearance of the ghost of Thomas Harris. William Briggs, the witness, was produced and sworn, and his relation was as follows:—

William Briggs said he was forty-three years of age ; that Thomas Harris died in September, in the year 1790. In the march following, he was riding near the place where Thomas Harris was buried, on a horse which formerly had belonged to the deceased ;—after crossing a small branch, his horse began to walk on very fast ; it was between the hours of eight and nine o'clock in the morning ; he was alone ; it was a clear day ; he entered a lane adjoining to the field where Harris was buried ; his horse suddenly wheeled in a pannel of the fence, looked over the fence into the field where Thomas Harris was buried, towards the grave yard, and neighed very loud ; witness then saw Thomas Harris coming towards him in the same apparel as he had last seen him in his life time ; he had on a sky-blue coat ; just before he came to the fence, he veered to the right and vanished ; his horse immediately took the road. Thomas Harris came within two pannels of the fence to him—he did not see his features, nor speak to him. He was acquainted with Thomas Harris when a boy, and there had always been a great intimacy between them. He thinks the horse knew Harris, because of his neighing, pricking up his ears, and looking over the fence.

About the first of June following, he was ploughing in his own field, about three miles from where Thomas Harris was buried ; about dusk, said Harris came along side of him, and walked with him about two hundred yards ; he was dressed as when first seen ; he made a halt about two steps from him ; John Bailey, who was ploughing with him, came driving up, and he lost sight of the ghost—he was much alarmed ; not a word was spoken ; the young man, Bailey, did not see him—he did not tell Bailey of it ; there was no motion of any particular part ; he vanished ; it preyed upon his mind so as to affect his health. He was with Thomas Harris when he died. but had no particular conversation with him.

Sometime after, he was laying in bed, about eleven or twelve o'clock at night, he heard Thomas Harris groan ; it was like the groan he gave a few minutes before he expired ; Mrs. Briggs, his wife, heard the groan—she got up and searched the house ; he did not, because he knew the groan to be from Thomas Harris. Some time after, when in bed, and a great fire light in the room, he saw a shadow on the wall, at the same time he felt a great weight upon him. Sometime after, when in bed and asleep, he felt a stroke between his eyes, which blackened them both ; his wife was in bed with him, and two young men were in the room ; the blow awakened him, and all in the room were asleep ; is certain no person in the room struck him—the blow swelled his nose. About the

middle of August he was alone, coming from Dicky Collins's after dark, about one hour in the night, Thomas Harris appeared, dressed as he had seen him when he was going down the meeting-house branch, three miles and a half from the grave yard of the deceased. It was star-light; he extended his arms over his shoulders; does not know how long he remained in this situation; he was much alarmed. Thomas Harris disappeared; nothing was said; he felt no weight on his shoulders; he went back to colonel Linsi, and got a young man to go home with him; after he got home he mentioned it to the young man; he before this time told James Harris that he had seen his brother's ghost.

In October, about twilight in the morning, he saw Thomas Harris about one hundred yards from the house of the witness; his head was leant on one side; same apparel as before; his face was towards him; he walked fast, and disappeared; there was nothing between them to obstruct the view; he was about fifty yards from him, and alone; he had no conception why Thomas Harris appeared to him. On the same day, about 8 o'clock in the morning, he was handing up blades to John Bailey, who was stacking them; he saw Thomas Harris coming along the garden fence, dressed as before; he vanished, and always to the east; was within fifteen feet of him; Bailey did not see him. About one hour and a half afterwards, in the same place, he again appeared, coming as before; came up to the fence, leaned upon it within ten feet of the witness, who called to Bailey to look there, (pointing towards Harris) Bailey asked what was there; don't you see Harris!— Does not recollect what Bailey said: witness advanced towards Thomas Harris; one or the other spoke as witness got over the fence, on the same pannel that Harris was leaning on. They walked off together about five hundred yards, a conversation took place as they walked on; he has not the conversation on his memory; he could not understand him, his voice was so low; he asked him a question, and he forbid him; witness then asked, why not go to your brother, instead of me? He then said, ask me no questions; witness told him his will was doubted: he told him to ask his brother if he did not remember the conversation which passed between them on the east side of the wheat stacks, the day he was taken with his death; that he then declared that he wished all his property should be kept together by James Harris until his children arrived at age; then the whole should be sold and divided among the children, and should not be immediately sold, as expressed in his will: that he thought the property would be most wanting to his children when minors, therefore he had changed his will, and said

that witness should see him again; he then told witness to turn, and disappeared; he did not speak with the same voice as in his life time; sometimes could not understand him; he was not daunted while with him, but much so afterwards. Witness then went to James Harris, and told him he had seen his brother three times that day, and related the conversation he had with him; asked James Harris if he remembered the conversation between him and his brother at the wheat stacks; he said he did, and told him what had passed; said he would fulfil his brother's will; he was satisfied that witness had seen his brother, for that no other person knew that conversation. On the same evening, returning home about an hour before sun set, Thomas Harris appeared to him, came along side of him; witness told him that his brother said he would fulfil his will; no more conversation on this subject; he was always dressed in the same manner; he has never related to any person the last conversation, and never would.

Bailey, who was sworn in the cause, declared that as he and Briggs were stacking blades, as related by Briggs, he called to witness, and said, look there—do you not see Thomas Harris—witness said no—Briggs got over the fence, and walked some distance: appeared by his actions to be in deep conversation with some person: witness saw no person.

The counsel were extremely anxious to hear from Mr. Briggs the whole of the conversation of the Ghost, and on his cross-examination, took every means, without effect, to obtain it; they represented to him, that as a religious man, he was bound to disclose the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; he appeared extremely agitated when applied to, declared nothing short of loss of life should make him reveal the whole conversation, and claimed the protection of the court, that he had disclosed all he knew relative to the case.

The court over-ruled the question of the counsel.

Hon. Robert Tilghman, Judge.

Hon. Robert Wright, late governor of Maryland, and the Hon. Joseph H. Nicholson, were the counsel for the plaintiff.

Hon. Richard T. Earle, and John Scott, Esq. were the counsel for the defendant.

VARIETY.

ANECDOTE OF HOGARTH,

The celebrated Painter.

A FEW months before this ingenious artist was seized with the malady which deprived society of one of its most distinguished ornaments, he proposed to his match-

less pencil the work he entitle A TAIL PIECE; the first idea of which is said to have been started in company, while the convivial glass was circulating round his table. "My next undertaking," said Hogarth, "shall be *The End of All things.*" If that be the case, replied one of his friends, *your business will be finished*, for there will be an *end of the Painter.* There *will* so, answered Hogarth, sighing heavily, and therefore the sooner my work is done, the better. Accordingly, he began the next day, and continued his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension (as the report goes) he should not live till he had completed it. This, however, he did, in the most ingenious manner, by grouping every thing which could denote the *end of all things*—a broken bottle—an old broom worn to the stump—the but end of an old musket—a cracked bell—a bow unstrung—a crown tumbled in pieces—towers in ruins—the *sign post* of a tavern, called the World's End, tumbling—the moon in her wane—the map of the globe burning—a gibbet falling, the body gone, and the chains which held it, dropping down—Phoebus and his horses dead in the clouds—a vessel wrecked—Time, with his hour glass and Scythe broken—a tobacco pipe in his mouth, the last whiff of smoke going out—a play-book opened, with EXEUNT OMNES stamped in the corner—an empty purse—and a statue of bankruptcy taken out against nature. So far, so good, cried Hogarth; nothing remains but this—and dashing off the similitude of a *painter's palette broken*, 'FINIS! (exclaimed Hogarth) *the deed is done, all is over.*' It is a very remarkable fact, and little known, perhaps, that he died in about a month after finishing this tail piece; and it is well known that he never again took the palette in hand, to the infinite loss of society.

A country fellow returning from market and swearing the times were so dull he could sell nothing; was asked by farmer what he had taken to market, "Squashes I vow," replied the fellow. "I think they must be dull," says the farmer, "for I perceive you bring one back with you."

A gentleman relating his adventures, said, he once was upon the highest mountain that he believed was in the world. "Indeed, (said he) it was so high, that falling asleep, the moon going her journey, came so close by me, that she took my hat off my head." "Pray how did you do for your hat?" asked a person that was standing by. "Do," says he, "why I waited with patience till the next night, and then she very civilly put it on my head again!"

An honest bluff country farmer meeting the parson of the parish

in a by lane, and not giving him the way so readily as he expected, the parson with an erected crest, told him he was better fed than taught. "Very true, indeed sir,' replied the farmer, "for you teach me, and I feed myself."

EMPEROR SIGISMOND.

This prince having granted the title of nobleman to a learned doctor, he observed the man at court taking his place among the nobles, and not, as formerly, among the professors. "What a simpleton he is!" observed the emperor; "I can make a thousand gentleman every day of my life; but I cannot make one learned man."

Connubial Love.

When the Emperor, Charles III. besieged Gulphus, Duke of Bavaria, in the city of Hensburg, the women, finding that the town could not possibly hold out long, petitioned the Emperor that they might depart out of it with as much as each of them could carry. The Emperor, knowing they could not convey away many of their effects, granted their petition; when the women, to his great surprise, came out of the place, with every one her husband on her back. The Emperor was so moved at the sight, that he burst into tears, and after having very much extolled the women for their conjugal affection gave the men to their wives, and received the duke into favour.

THE DOVE.

The following extraordinary circumstance, respecting the conduct of a *dove*, may be relied on as a fact. It took place on the first Lord's day in August last, in the Baptist meeting house in Pawlet, in the State of Vermont, in the time of public service; consequently, several hundred people were witnesses of this singular event.

"The Rev. Mr. BEAL, pastor of the Baptist church, was called upon in the intermission to baptize. He preached to the people that day from Psalm xcii. 1. 2. and in illustrating his subject, he took occasion to bring into view the descent of the Holy Ghost, in bodily shape like a dove, on the head of our glorious Redeemer, at his baptism. Before he had done with his subject, a dove flew into the door of the meeting-house, and lit upon the cornice over the pulpit, and soon hovered down and lit upon the speaker's head: from thence it went down on his shoulder. After sitting there some time, it walked across the back of his neck on to his left shoulder. At length it walked out upon his left arm, (that being at the time extended) from which it hovered down, and

sat upon the bible, which lay on the desk before him. After sitting on the bible for some time, it spread its wings, and flew out at one of the gallery windows.

"It was judged, that the time that this innocent bird stayed upon and about the preacher, was half an hour. It did not appear to break, but rather to help, his ideas in preaching. It had a most solemnizing effect on his mind, and also, as was thought, on the whole assembly. It has occasioned (says the writer from which this extract is taken) much talk in this vicinity. But the end which the Almighty had in this providential occurrence, is yet a profound secret."

We have thus simply narrated the above facts, and leave the reader to make his own comments upon it.

If you ask me, said Lavater, which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer Pride, or Luxury, or Ambition, or Egotism? No, I shall say INDOLENCE; he who conquers Indolence, will conquer all the rest.

A Petersburgh article, copied into the Journal du Soir, narrates an event which strikes the soul with horror, and bids humanity weep: three persons who had been exiled into Siberia, for supposed or actual crimes, went one day a hunting and lost their way, insomuch that they could not discover any traces of human dwelling. Famine, that unrelenting and cruel scourge of animated nature, impelled the three, a father, his son, and a father of a family, to cast lots, whose frame should furnish subsistence to the survivor, which was done.—After the first victim was consumed they cast lots a second time, and the son was the only survivor. He was accidentally found by some hunters, to whom he related the horrid detail. The government of Siberia sent him to Petersburgh to give an account of this singularly distressing narrative.

Ledyard, the celebrated traveller who was a citizen of Connecticut, was sent by capt. Cook to explore a river on the coast of Kamschatka. He embarked in a canoe, with only three companions. These were the bible, Ovid's Metamorphoses, and a bottle of brandy.

Count Rumford has recently married the widow of M. Vercesy, in Paris; by which nuptial experiment he obtained a fortune of 8000*l.* per annum.—This is evidently the most effective of all the *Rumfordizing* projects for keeping a *house warm*.

The late Lord Chesterfield happened to be at a rout in France,

where Voltaire was one of the guests. Chesterfield seemed gazing about the brilliant circle of the ladies: Voltaire accosted him,—"My lord, I know you are a judge, which are more beautiful, the English or French ladies?"—"Upon my word," replied his lordship with his usual presence of mind, "I am no connoisseur of paintings." Some time after this, Voltaire being in London, happened to be at a Nobleman's rout with lord Chesterfield; a lady in company prodigiously painted, directed her whole discourse to Voltaire, and entirely engrossed his conversation; Chesterfield came up, tapped him on the shoulder saying, "Sir, take care you are not captivated."—"My lord,' replied the wit, 'I scorn to be taken by and English bottom under French colours."

Singular Advertisement.

Ranaway last night my *wife*, Bridget M'Coole—She is a tight neat body and has lost one leg. She was seen riding behind the Priest of the Parish As we never was married, I shall pay no debt she doesn't contract. She lisps with one tooth, and is always talking about faries. Any person who has been kind enough to harbour her since her elopement, will confer a favour upon the subscriber, by returning her, as she is of no use to any one else—no questions asked.

PHELIM M'COOLE.
His ⋈ mark.

An advertisement lately appeared, setting forth the conveniences and advantages to be derived from *metal window sashes*.—Among other particulars, he observed, that these sashes would last for ever, and *afterwards*. If the owner had no use for them, they might be sold for *old iron!*

To Correspondents.

The valuable essay of "O. W." is unavoidably omitted this week. It shall receive due attention next.

"The *Nest*," by Cymbeline, is inadmissible.

MARRIED,

At Huntington, L. I. by the rev. Mr. Schenck, George W. Strong, Esq. of this city, to Miss Angelina Lloyd, daughter of the late John Lloyd, Esq. of Lloyd's Neck.

On the 15th inst. at Trenton, by the rev. Mr. Armstrong, Mr. John Glarer, of Hamburg, to Miss Beulah Howell, daughter of the late Governor Howell, of N. Jersey.

At Staunton, (Virg.) on the 28th of June, by the rev. Mr. King, Mr. James Stevenson, alias Staunton, aged 100 years, to Elizabeth Cummins, aged 68. What makes it more remarkable, is, that two of the oldest bachelors in the county assisted in making the match.

DIED,

On Sunday evening, after a painful illness, Mr. Stephen Austin, of this city, late of the city of Philadelphia, merchant.

COMMUNICATED.

THE HERO.

ALL hail to the Hero whom victory leads
Triumphant from fields of renown!
From nations left barren, from shores drench'd in blood,
And the sacking of many a fair town.

His gore-dripping sword shall hang high in the hall,
Rever'd for the havoc it spread!
For the deaths it has dealt, for the terrors it struck!
And the torrents of blood it has shed!

His banners in haughty procession shall ride
On Jehovah's proud altars unfurl'd;
While anthems and priests waft to heaven his praise,
For the slaughter and wreck of the world!

Tho' widows and orphans together shall crowd,
To gaze at high heaven's dread fod;
And mutter their curses, and mingle their tears,
Invoking the vengeance of God!

Tho' while bloated revelry roars at his board,
Where surfeiting hecatombs fume;
Desolation and famine shall howl, and old earth
Her skeleton hordes shall intomb.

All ghastly and mangled from fields where they fell,
With horrible groanings and cries,
What tho' when he slumbers, the dead from their graves
In dread visitation shall rise—

Yet he among heroes exalted shall sit,
And slaves to his splendor shall bend,
And Senates shall echo his virtues, and kings
Shall own him their saviour and friend.

Then hail to the Hero whom victory leads,
Triumphant from fields of renown!
From nations left barren, from plains drench'd in blood,
And the sacking of many a fair town.

B. K.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

SO erst in Paradise, Creation's lord,
As the first leaves of holy writ record,
From ADAM's rib, who press'd the flow'ry grove,
And dreamt delighted of untasted Love,
To cheer and charm his solitary mind,
Form'd a new sex, *the* MOTHER of *mankind!*
Buoy'd on light step the BEAUTY seem'd to swim,
And stretch'd alternate ev'ry pliant limb:
Pleas'd, on Euphrates' velvet margin stood,
And view'd her playful image in the flood.
Own'd the fine flame of love, as life began,
And smil'd enchantment on adoring Man!

Down her white neck, and o'er her bosom roll'd,
Flow'd in sweet negligence, her locks of gold!
Round her fine form, the dim transparence play'd,
And shar'd the beauties that it seem'd to shade!
Enamour'd ADAM gaz'd, with fond surprize,
And drank delicious passion from her eyes!
Felt the new thrill of young desire, and press'd
The graceful virgin to his glowing breast!
The Conscious fair betrays her soft alarms,
Sinks, with warm blush, into his folding arms;
Yields to his fond caress with wanton play,
And sweet, reluctant, amourous delay!

CUPIDO.

From Godwin's Passaic Album.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE ROCKS ABOVE THE FALLS.

WHY rocks impede the passage mild,
Of sweet Passaic's lucid breast;
Or why its chrystal face deform,
And turn it into foam and mist?

Why turn its calm to rage and noise,
And make it pass indignant by;
And with accumulated force,
Down the dread chasm in thunders fly?

Then rising up again in vapours rude,
Make rainbows smiling at the bellowing flood.

J. D——k.

Wallis, the Grammarian has thus rung the changes upon the copiousness of an English word.

When the twister a twisting will twist him a twist,
For the twisting his twist he three times doth intwist;
But if one of the twines of the twist do untwist,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twist.
Untwisting the twine that untwisteth between,
He twirls with his twister the two in a twine;
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine,
He twisteth the twine he hath twined in twain.
The twain that in twining before in the twine,
As twines were intwisted, he now doth untwine
Twixt the twain intertwisting a twine more between,
He, twirling his twister, makes a twist of the twine.

EPITAPH.

Here lies *one* MORE, and no *more* than he,
One *more*, and *no more?* how can that be?
Why one *more* and no *more* may well lie here alone,
But here lies one *more*, and that's *more* than one.

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